Now, love, (as
I'll be about
his mile)
out on Pond
Avenue Hill. You
Neither has
You has
Hill & Harris
The surro
Overlook
Ocean, and
Next
Yours
Sunday, 3rd
5 P.M. Monday

My Own Darling,

Mother Goose is shaking her feather bed in the sky - We are having a very heavy fall of snow - the first I have seen much long before Christmas.

It makes me think of "Charlotte" and the coffee and that lovely Thanksgiving afternoon - We shall never forget it, the getting lost in Arbor-Side and the blessed happy talk we had coming home all tucked in so close together.

Truly God's plan of human love, is a beautiful one when

we can be so supremely happy just to be near each other. Your Thursday night, Friday night and Saturday afternoon letters all came together this morning — a continued story in three installments. I wonder where the next number will be out —— My! what a Thesis you did write for me Friday night I think I had better engage a tutor and take it up a page a day and try and get it through my cranium. But joking apart My Darling, it was most kind of you to write me that full and comforting explanation all of which was given me almost verbatim on Friday Morning by Dr. Sellers, a most excellent man, who yielded my fears as to the seat and readily discovered where my trouble lay — which was rapidly taking a serious aspect but, please God, I am going to be quite well in a few weeks — & I do not worry at all. The Madame is a graduate in Anatomy etc, as are many both in ignorant hands (such as Miss Kaye) from Surly Clarence, as you say my development is different from other people. For Madame has several cases in evidence where women did just as I have been doing, & for a much shorter time, and injured themselves terribly, by so doing. It is only one more thing to be thankful for.

Darling don't write me such crazy letters as that one Saturday afternoon. If you only knew how badly it distressed yourself you would either laugh or cry I am sure — It's lucky I know the devil & do

not could be much in the letter. I had such a splendid time with Dr. Duffield this morning. He is a real friend.

I am wondering how the family behaved under the shock of a telegram, Ev. for you from New York. Wasn't there some fuss? The more I thought of it, the more I was afraid that you were really much worried about me and I could not do less than lighten your anxiety as soon as possible.

As to "John" I open it somewhere almost every day and read again the passages that we have thrilled over together, & paused, to wipe away a tear of speechless sympathy. Do not forget the happiness of rereading it to yourself - darling - for so embodies our ideal of a pure & perfect union of life, into one life, a home life that shall stand out like a light house on the sea of unhappy domestic